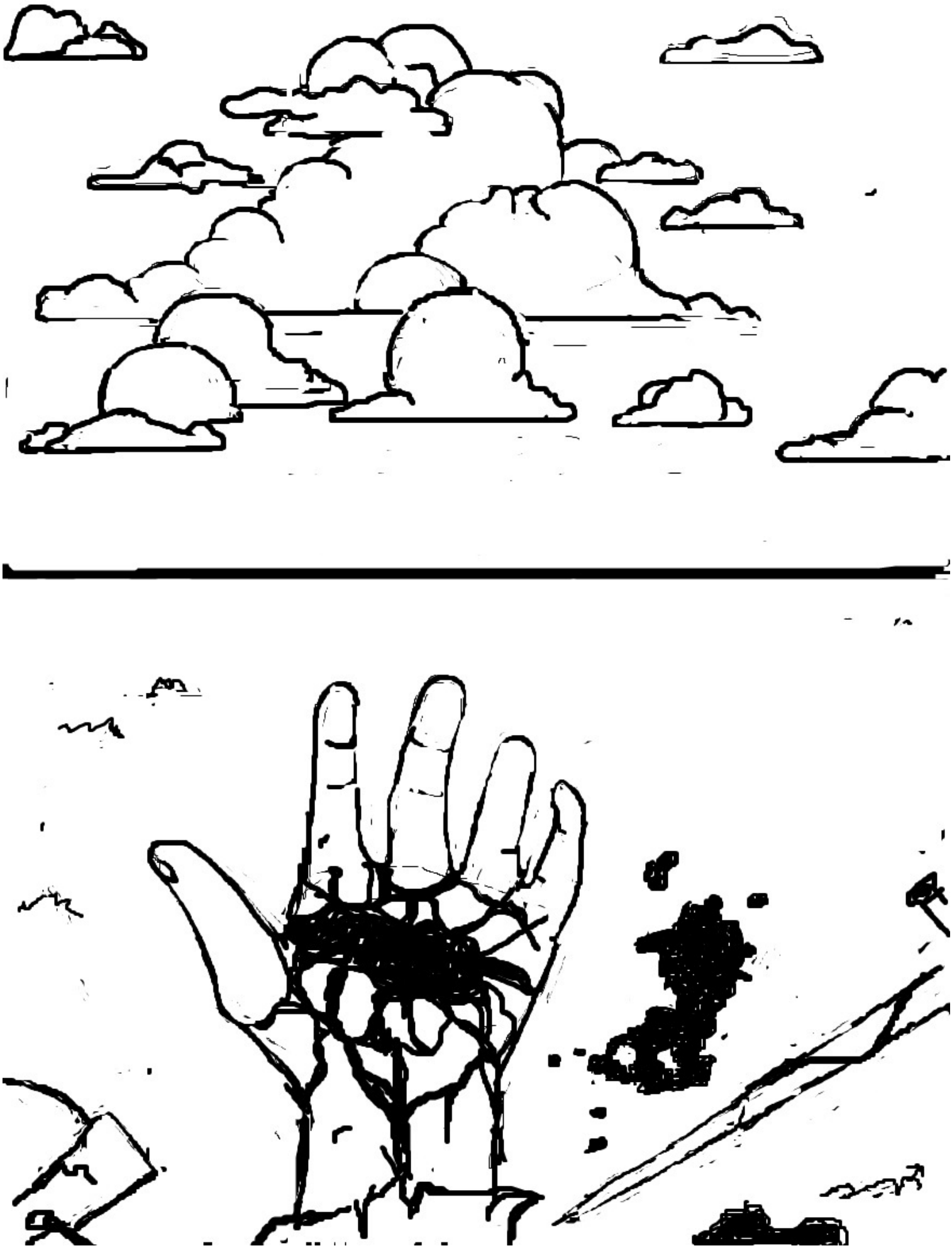
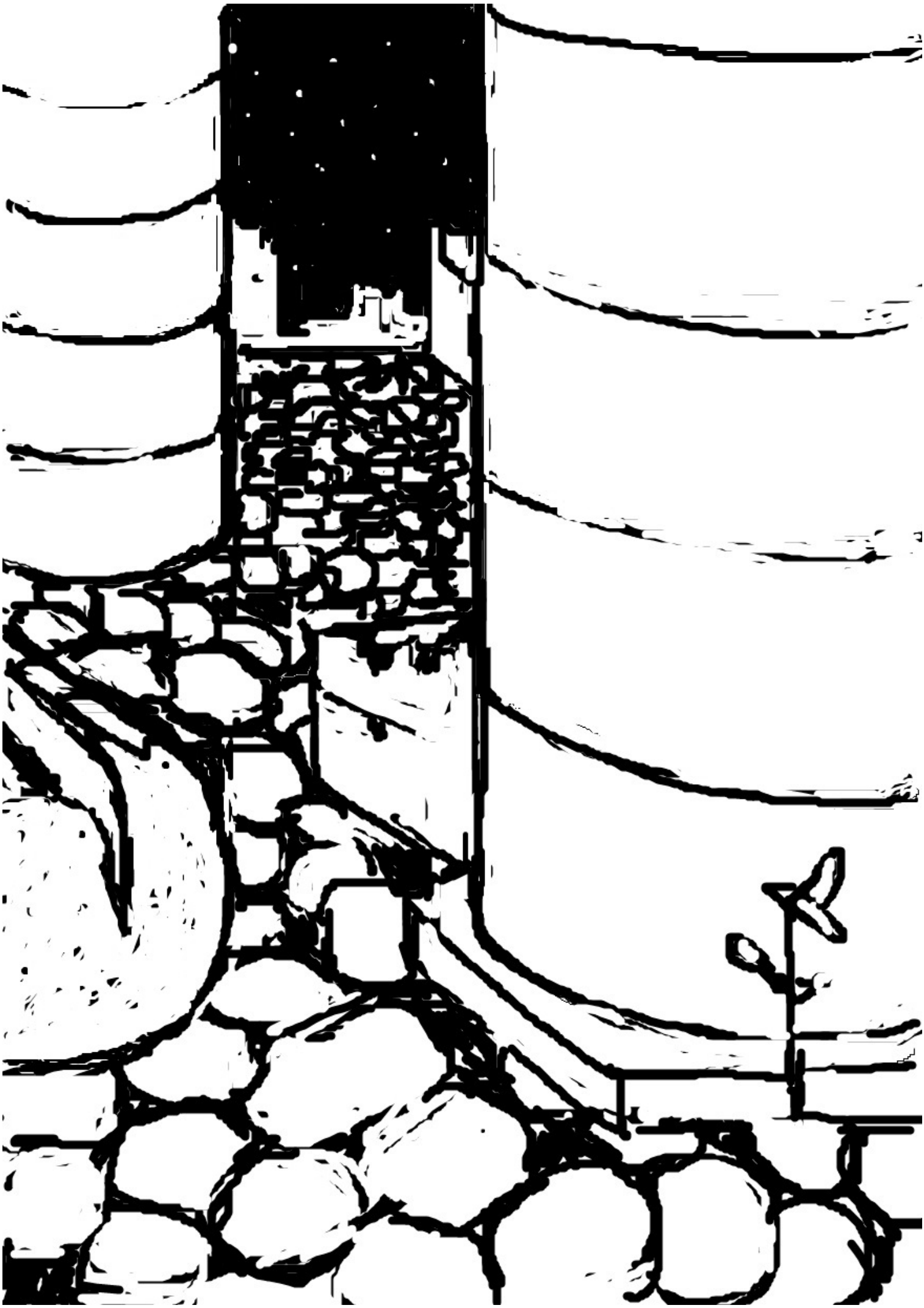
Through the valley. The hills.
Mountain passes and copses dark.
Weird mires. The foggy breach.
Through the strange ways.
Into dream fields of roses,
blooming. Bursting.
Meandering paths, and the
way here lost.
lost. Journey's End lost.
Our burden forgotten, clutching
a secret's secret. Down into
the secrets. Dawn. Spring.
Eternal bright works.
Close now The land of
ruin.





S.Reeves